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AUGURIES

AUGURIES

By

BASIL THOMPSON



NEW YORK
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Certain of these Pieces have appeared in
sundry Publications, but, for the most part,
the Verses herein assembled are now pre-
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AUGURIES

*"Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say!—'We are the masters of thy slave;
What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine?'
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,
All singing loud: 'Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.'
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be blest;
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,
And come and be my guest,—for I am Love's."*

EPIPSYCHIDION.

AUGURIES

THESE, my callow rhymes, I tender
In the way of one
Who has caught the coming splendor
Of the Morrow's sun,
Who has felt a need to cast
Back of him the ragged Past.

Oh, to be the Dawn-Attender,
Be the Future's slave!
Gladly, should I, gladly render
All the poor Past gave,
Might I so, the fitter, be
Servant of Futurity!

ITERATED

“**N**O Work is lost”—I heard Him say—
“No work that’s wrought in sorrow;
The web you weave in tears today
Shall be your wear tomorrow.”

AWAKENING

BLIND have I been these many years,
Blind that I could not see
This wonder-world which now appears
So plain to me.

Deaf was I that I could not hear,
Dumb that I could not sing
The song that fills both eye and ear
This day of spring.

Thus carols Youth,
In his newly strength,
When he learns at length
The Truth.

Life is a lilt today, it seems;
Love is a light-foot thing,
This world a bower-land of dreams
Where blithe birds sing.

And, oh! I know that these are enough,
Life and a ringing song,
Singing birds and the blue above,
And Love a-long!

Thus carols Youth,
In his newly strength,
When he learns at length
The Truth.

LYRIC

OH, the cut of the wind
Of a wintry night!
Oh, the breath of the dew
In the early light!
Oh, the face of a flower
Away in the wood,
And the face of a woman,
To me are good!

Oh, the call of the horn
From over the hill!
Oh, the fret in the song
Of the rivering rill!
Oh, the murmur of music,
The blue solitude,
And the white of her bosom,
To me are good!

Oh, the blood in my body,
The beat in my breast,
Cry for beauty and rapture
And rhythmic unrest!

THE ANSWER

THAT, which your voice demands,
That, will we gladly do;
Our hearts, our heads, our hands,
Our all, belong to you.

The World is red today,
The blood within us red;
Red is the lust to slay,
And red the slaughtered dead.

The stretch of time is naught,
And naught the span of man;
That, which we do then ought,
To be the best we can.

The best we can is all;
The rest is waste and vain, ..
No matter what befall,
Be it for bliss or bane.

To you, we give our best;
To you, will we attend,
With love and zeal and zest,
With honor to the end.

These little lives we live,
These little deeds we do;
Them, will we gladly give,
Them, and our all, to you.

PREINCARNATION

EREWHILE, when on some gladder sphere
You laughed your little span away,
Not mindful to be weeping here,
 As you are weeping here today;
Did, once, you pause, the while you joyed,
 To ponder on a day to be,
Which time, perchance, would be employed
 In Paradisal jubilee?
Did you desire a higher place,
 Than that whereon you sang and played;
Did, once, you crave a braver grace,
 Than that with which you were arrayed?
Did you not, rather, realize
That you were then in Paradise?

ESCAPE

OH, come with me
Where we can be
Elate and free
Alone.

Where we can lie
Beneath the sky
And sing or sigh
Alone.

Far from the crass,
The moneyed mass,
Just lad and lass
Alone.

Oh, lets away
This golden day
To dream and play
Alone.

CORONA CRUCIS

OUT of the warmth and the light,
Out of the bright of the day,
Into the black of the night,
Into the wrack of the fray.

Called from the comforts of home,
Led from a leisurely life,
Unto the beat of the drum,
Into the heat of the strife.

Theirs not to grieve or to whine,
Theirs not to fever with fears;
Theirs is the duty divine,
Old as the song of the spheres.

Certain that God is above,
And seeing it, His mandate
To work His will is enough—
The rest is the task of fate.

Why should they quibble or care?
What should they query to know?
Theirs is to do and to dare,
Theirs to deliver the blow!

Honor and love are at stake,
Freedom and all that is good;
What matter Moloch should slake
His fiery thirst with their blood?

Some one must suffer and bleed,
Some one must travail and chafe,
That the enthralled may be freed,
And that the freed may be safe.

Does not Prometheus chained,
Does not the passion of Christ
Argue, the good that is gained
More than the blood sacrificed?

Petty the pleasures foregone,
Petty the labor, the loss;
Matched with the gain of His throne,
Matched with the crown of His cross.

Out of the black of the night,
Out of the wrack of the fray,
Into the warmth of His light,
Into the bright of His day.

BEATA MEMORIA

THOUGH long, indeed, since I beheld thee last,
Yet, surely, brief doth seem the space what time
Thy beautific presence first was cast
Upon my soul—O memory sublime!
No sight, not even that of chaste Diane,
Which so delighted poor Acteon's eyes,
Has, may I venture, visited a man
With such a very glimpse of Paradise.

Young Dante, once, did pace a rivered street
Whereon full many mortal maidens dwelt,
And chancing there an angel-maid to meet,
Perhaps, some whit the same he may have felt;
But, lo! in what white song did he profess
His love, and his dear lady's loveliness!

SEEKERS

IT is not much we ask,
We seeking ones;
It is not over much,
O, great, good God,
Not over much.

We do not plead for place,
Nor fame, nor friends;
We do not Earth aspire,
O, great, good God,
Not earth aspire.

We do not wish for wealth,
Nor health, nor strength,
Nor is it love we seek,
O, great, good God,
Nor love we seek.

We have but one desire,
In this, Thy world,
And that—To Find Our Work,
O, great, good God,
To Find Our Work!

WANDERERS

CHEERY wanders are we,
Happy wastrels roaming free,
Laughing, loving, roving clan,
Fearing neither God nor man—
Cheery wanderers are we.

Cheery wanderers are we,
Happy wastrels roaming free,
God nor man, ay, nothing loth,
Neither fearing, loving both—
Cheery wanderers are we.

HARLEQUIN DISPOSES

A BIT OF PANTOMIMIC EXTRAVAGANCE

IT is a pleasance quick with flowers,
A spot where lovers should delight
To while away the moonlit hours,
Hid out of sight;

And Columbine is humming low
To Harlequin, with happy face,
And Pantaloon and pale Pierrot
Move on apace.

What time they wither out of view,
Harlequin, the wicked knave,
Makes haste, as knaves are wont to do,
To misbehave.

And Columbine though seeming charmed,
And captured by his pretty speech,
Yet very soon is so alarmed,
As to beseech:

Harlequin, Harlequin,
That he had used her wrong,
Imp of hell, child of sin!
Careful, now, or I shall tell

Who you are, and where you dwell,
To papa Pantaloon.
Don't you know it not aright,
Thus to play away the night,
When so very, very bright,
Beams the Moon?

Yet Harlequin gives little heed,
But laughs and chaffs with such acclaim,
He forces her the more to plead
Her fear of shame.

Harlequin, Harlequin,
Quiet, please! What a din!
Can't you give me any peace?
Goodness gracious, how you tease!
Cease, release me, do you hear?
Or, I shall be quite severe,
Silly, bolden, bad buffoon!
Even though I love you, Oh!
'Tis very wrong to hold me so,
For yonder yet parade Pierrot
And papa Pantaloon.

And then, as though he did repent
That he had used her wrong,
He sued her grace and gave him vent,
Unto this song:

Fair one, rare one, fly with me,
Come and skim the sky with me,
And I'll bring you, wing you far,
To that rarer, fairer star,
Where the Sprites and Faeries are,
Where the Pixies croon.
I will bring you, bear you there,
Wafted on the wingéd air,
Wafted, draughted, higher, higher,
Skying, flying, we'll aspire,
Satisfying our desire,
Ever higher, higher, higher,
Till at last we do expire—
Till at last we swoon,
On the Moon!

And now with manner nervous, tense,
As one bewitched with wine,
As one bereft of will or sense,
Sang Columbine:—

To the Moon, Harlequin,
To the yellow, mellow Moon,
Where the Pixey creatures croon;
Where the Sprites and Faeries sing
In a ring
In the air;

Where there's music everywhere,
Very soft and very low;
Where the dreams of Poets go;
Where the songs of Singers blow;
Where the liquid breezes flow,
All atune;
Where the breezes, songs and dreams,
And the jingling of them seems,
As they mingle and they rise,
To make medley with the skies;
Where the sight and scent and sound,
So of Beauty all around,
Makes you weep,
Makes you sleep,
As one would weep and sleep,
In the lazy, hazy light,
Of a lunar night in June;
Is it so,
Can we go
To the Moon?

A fickle something fanned the trees;
A Cuckoo clamored to his mate,
And suddenly the tacit breeze
Came articulate:—

Take her, Devil,
Ere she `screams;
Take her,
Break her,
Slake her thirst;
Revel,
Devil,
Work your worst,
Ere she wake her
From her Dream.

DESIDERIUM

NIGHT-LONG thy silver voice did sound itself
to me

Adown the dim dream-vistas of the past,
Foreshadowing a life too fair to be,
Betokening a^t love too rare to last;
Oh, lithe, blithe wondrous one, Mistress of Mystery,
How I do passion thee!

Sure, thou art that which is a blend of bliss and pain,
A bond betwixt divinity and death,
A truant sun-ray revelling in the rain,
A wistful waft of heaven-scented breath,
Which even felt is flown, and venturously vain
To wish to win again.

Yet, were it not for thee and that clear call of thine,
The which will ever trumpet my desire,
I think, indeed, this thirsty soul of mine
Should very soon of mortal voices tire;
Their words are merely words, while thine are God's
own wine,
My Mystery divine!

COMPLAINT

THE Daisy nodded her little head,
The Lily laughed at me,
And from where the red Rose lay abed
Nigh yonder Hawthorn-Tree,
She pouted mockingly.

Ah, Daisy! you with your pretty head,
Ah, Lily! feat and free,
And ah! thou Rosa! snuggled abed,
Ah! happy Hawthorn-Tree,
Will ye not pity me?

Since, heavy and heavy hangs my head,
My limbs lag heavily,
Since, oh! my Little Love lies dead
By yonder Hawthorn-Tree,
Ah, Pretties, pity me!

OUR DREAM

WAS it a dream, that day of ours,
Amid the wild-wood and the flowers,
Was it a dream, a dream?
Was it a dream, that mystic Isle,
Whereon we played a little while
Among the Faeries and the Elves,
Forgetful of our stupid selves—
Was it a dream, a dream?

Were you a dream, Elaine or Eve?
Were you a Princess Make-believe?
Were you a dream, a dream—
A visionary Faery-bride,
Glad of the day your body died,
Glad of the way your soul was born
Upon that dim remembered morn—
Were you a dream, a dream?

Or were you not, in very truth,
A mortal maiden christened Truth,
Yearning to dream, to dream?
And was not I a mortal Clod,
A creature fashioned of the sod,
But yet, withal, desiring things
Of which the planet Venus sings—
Yearning to dream, to dream?

Well, even so, what matter now?
Not Love himself could disavow
 We had our dream, our dream!
And verily, I do believe,
You, who are Ruth, Elaine, or Eve,
I do believe the Fates intend
That, at the last, we twain shall blend
 Into our Dream, our Dream.

DICTION

S AID one:—"Come now, what do you see in this?"
(To Shelley's "Adonais" he referred)
At once, I was not sure that I had heard
Arise and bade him to say over his
Complaint, lest I mistake its cognizance.
"What do you see in this vague, tedious stuff,
This sentimental rot?" It was enough
To prove to me my quizzier's ignorance.

So I to him:—"My friend, one only sees,
In such high poesy as this, his own
High thoughts, the image of himself alone—
The very semblance of the thing he is!
'No man,'—the dictum goes,—'No man receives
From Music, Art, or Song, save what he gives'."

STIMULUS

THANK God, no matter what occurs,
There has been given to me
A certain fortitude which spurs
My soul to victory!

A certain faith, it well may be,
A certain conscious pride
In final immortality,
Which will not be denied.

Let chance what may, it argues not;
No blow however real
Can swerve my spirit's course one jot,
In quest of its Ideal!

OLD SONG

"HOW THE OLD SONGS HAUNT US."

SAY, how shall I be blithe and glad,
Say, how shall I be cheery!
Oh, how shall I be aught but sad
Since I have lost my dearie,
Since I have my dearie!

The night is all around me now,
The chilly winds are wailing,
The birds have flown the sleety bough,
And all the flow'rs are failing,
And all the flow'rs are failing.

But still I think, when think I do
For many an hour grieving,
How fain she seemed and happy too,
How happy to be leaving,
Ay, happy to be leaving.

It's not her loss that grieves me so,
It's not her going thither,
It's, just, that when she had to go
She did not take me with her,
She did not take me with her!

THE DREAMER

THE Dreamer dreams his span away
In wonder and delight,
The Dreamer dreams his span away
In all the World's despite.

For he is one who ventures far
With never flagging zest,
For he is one who ventures far
Upon a knightly quest.

He visions him a kingly thing,
The figment of his Dream,
He visions him a kingly thing
Which he believes supreme.

The very same which is withheld
No matter how we strive,
The very same which is withheld
The while we are alive.

Yet will these ever venture this
With glory in their eyes,
Yet will these ever venture this
And scorn a meaner prize.

Thus when at length they come to die
 They waken out of sleep.
Thus when at length they come to die
 The World will never weep.

Because the World can never know
 What reveries were theirs,
Because the World can never know
 How they are Heaven's heirs.

In such a pattern dreams are schemed
 Though seeming fugitive,
In such a pattern dreams are schemed
 That shall forever live.

So not for naught the Dreamer dreams
 His weary Night away,
So not for naught the Dreamer dreams
 Against the Golden-Day!

CAMEO

A PART, alone
The Dreamer stood,
A thing of wood,
Of stone.

Still not of wood,
Nor yet of stone,
But flesh, and bone,
And blood!

ULTIMATUM

WHAT if I "fail"?
Shall I bewail?

Shall I lament
And so give vent
To futile grief,
A child's relief,
A craven's whine?
Shall these be mine?

Rather would I
Forever try,
Persist, pursue,
Re-dare, re-do!

Why should I care?
Shall I despair?
Shall I give in
To vapid grin,
Or fawn the frown
Of clerk and clown
And every clout
Who bloats about
His great success
In "biz-i-ness"?

Shall such a mob
Move me to sob,
Move me to sigh?
Indeed, not I!

I rather think
'Tis mine to wink,
This chorus chaff
Makes me to laugh,
For I possess
Much blessedness:
The fire of youth,
The flame of Truth,
The light of life,
A loving wife,
A little love,
And God above.

Let fools be sad
Yet I'm right glad
That God should deign
To deal me pain.
This instant, now,
I pledge the vow
That pain shall be

Supreme to me,
Nor shall I wince
Or whimper, since,
I know the test
Is for the best.

So use Thy rod
Good Master, God!

A YOUTHFUL POET PRAYS

L ORD Christ, Thou Master of poets,
Thou vast and sublimest Bard,
Wilt please to succor a poet,
And of these the leastest, Lord!

Wilt please to succor a singer
Who never a song has sung,
Possessed of a poet's spirit
But not of a poet's tongue!

A vexed and a silent spirit,
Yet lighted with love within,
Yet fighting with doubt and pity
And passion, and so with sin.

A spirit lighted with visions
Of a braver life to be,
A spirit fighting with visions
That never the eye can see.

A spirit lighted with visions
Of a dreamy moonlit past,
Of a streaming sunlit future,
And the God-gleam at the last!

Yet never a sound to utter,
 Yet never a word to write,
But only a battered spirit,
 A fighting soul in the night.

Lord Christ, Thou Master of poets,
 Thou vast and sublimest Bard,
Wilt please to succor a poet,
 And of these the leastest, Lord!

SPRING, 1917

IN this, our world, today,
Our dizzy war-warped world
Where Freedom's flag is furled,
And Honor fled away,

Should we not deem it well,
And, mayhap, even best
To give up dreams of rest,
To bear our share of hell.

Should we not try to feel
That War is but a purge,
The forms of Love and Trust
Some universal weal?

That from the charnel-house
Of Murder, Hate and Lust,
That forms of Love and Trust
Shall quicken and arouse?

Should we not know that God
Wills always what is best,
That in Him there is rest
For every bleeding clod;

That in Him there is love
For all who are in woe,
That who reaps not below,
He, surely, reaps above;

That they who toil and sweat
With no intent to shirk,
Albeit War or Work,
The God will not forget?

Then let us brave this night
Which doth engulf our way,
And let us learn to pray,
And let us pray to fight!

LUNECSTASY

I WANDER in the wan moon-light,
And drink the air
Through senses dizzy with delight
Of draught so rare.

The dead grass shows a ghostly white
Beneath the snow.
Ah, might I merge into this night,
I love it so!

No, never have I quivered quite
In thus a way,
Within the luteous, laving light
Of any day.

My spirit totters like a tipsy sprite,
For oh! the Moon,
She sighs me from her starry height
Of Heaven soon!

ROSSETTI'S "SONG OF THE BOWER"

"WHAT were my prize, could I enter thy bower,
This day, tomorrow, at eve or at morn?
Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower,
Bosom then heaving that now lies forlorn;
Kindled with love-breath (the sun's kiss is colder!),
Thy sweetness all near me, so distant to-day;
My hand round thy neck and thy hand on my
shoulder,
My mouth to thy mouth as the world melts
away."

Ah! Painter-Poet, you've pictured a passion,
Which every lover the world over knows;
You've woven, in words of the fervidest fashion,
A pleasure, a presence, the scent of the rose,
The heat of a body, the beat of a bosom,
The sweet of a fancy afar and away,
The fever, the fire, the desire which enkindles
The love of the lover forever and ay!

MEA CULPA

SOMETIMES to salve my malady I think,
Perhaps, that you meant not to be unkind;
Perhaps, that it was I who spilt the ink
Which blotted my poor person from your mind.
Again I think, perhaps, that in my zest
To have you understand this atom, me,
> I may have said some idle words in jest,
With which it was not meet that you agree.

But, Oh! I know, though this I may have done,
I, also, know what deeds I dreamed to do;
What deeds I gladly would, had I but won
One little sympathetic word from you.
The very all I visioned, at the end,
Was, simply, that you'd let me be a friend.

VALUES

I AM the Doer of Deeds;
I am the Schemer of Schemes;
I am the Sower of Seeds;
I am the Dreamer of Dreams;
I am the Blaze in the Blue;
I am You.

You are the Creature of Clay;
You are the palpitant Clod;
You are the Thing of a Day;
You are the Minion of God;
You are a Sand in the Sea;
You are Me.

ALAN'S "RENDEZVOUS"

Occasioned by a re-reading of Alan Seeger's "I
Have a Rendezvous with Death."

BROTHER, I have read your lines,
And I have seen between
That demi-light which only shines
Where Deity has been.

Brother, I have understood,
I think, the God in you,
For, verily, it is a God
Who gleams and glimpses through

These stanzas where you challenge Death,
And bid him throw the main,
And bide with eager, bated breath
The moment of the slain.

Oh! you had knowledge, rare, indeed!
How meagre is the soul
That dares not in the hour of need
Return to Him the whole;

Return to Him, from whom all is,
That all which He has lent,
Believing that the Will is His,
And It the instrument.

Brother, there is something there
In that fine pledge of yours,
which seems a gemmy flame to flare,
A beacon which endures.

So long as Honor does not fail,
And Youth is hot and true,
So very long will you prevail
In your brave "Rendezvous."

THE SENTINEL

STARS above and the night around;
Below the dew and the dewy ground;
Failing moon and never a sound.
All is well
With the Sentinel.

Hist, what's that? The cry of the loon.
And that? The wood-dove's plaintive croon.
How ominously scrawls the moon!
All is well
With the Sentinel.

A footstep stabs the trembling air.
Halt! . . . Halt! . . . Who's there? Who's there?
Brother, breathe a bit of a prayer!
All's not well
With the Sentinel.

Stars above and the night around,
Below the dew and the dewy ground;
A Soldier's Soul is homeward bound—
All is well
With the Sentinel.

HYMN TO BEAUTY

WHERE Roses bloom and Daisies grow,
And Valley-Lilies lie;
Where Aeolus and Zephyr blow
Their kisses to the sky;
Where round about and to and fro
Wee wingéd nothings fly;

Where little airy Faeries flit
And scamper, as you please,
Upon the grass, all over it,
And in amongst the trees,
And where the solemn seven sit
Yclept the Pleiades;

Where Naiads drowse and Dryads dream
And Faunus peeps at hand;
Where deep in Oceanus' stream
The naked Nereids stand;
And, sudden, where a shafted gleam
Shows Jove's august command;

Where Pheobus checks his fiery steeds
That champ to taste the morn;
Where Thetis sings, and Peleus pleads,
And Triton winds his horn;
Where Neptune shakes away the weeds
His shaggy bulk was worn;

Where Aphrodite hides her heat
In some Olympian grove,
And where the light-foot Muses' feet
Have led their limbs to rove,
And where the very air is sweet
And redolent with Love;

Where blends the scent of Flora's breath
With Amphion's melodies;
Where stream the dreams the Gods bequeath
Their favored votaries;
Where Cupid leads in shackles, Death,
To where his Psyche is;

Where all is glad and glorious; where
Is Fancy's bright demesne,
There, Everliving Beauty, there
Thou art, and aye have been—
Than Fancy's very self more fair,
More gracious and serene.

Sure, Song is not, or naught but noise,
When it would rumor thee;
When it would hint thy precious poise,
Or cry thy sovereignty;
Oh, Beauty! may we never voice
Thine ancient witchery?

PEACE

WHO wails for Peace?
Not you, nor I.
May Life be hot for us,
Pard-like and swift and fired with faith
That Life spells Strife;
That not for us,
Till Death
Shall bring release,
Is Peace!

Yea, Life spells Strife.
Passion and Pride,
Love and Desire and Dreams—
May these things never be denied
While yet there's breath!
Oh! not I trust,
Till Death,
Shall Striving cease
In Peace!

A CHRISTMAS QUERY

DO you believe in Santa Claus?
Do you really believe he's true?
Of course, I believe in Santa Claus,
Why certainly I do!

And I believe in the Bunny
That comes on Easter Day,
And the Stork that came last summer
And brought my sister, May.

And I believe in the Fairies,
In Puck and in Peter Pan,
The Nixes, the Gnomes and the Brownies
And even the Bogie-Man.

And the Wizzard of Oz and Aladdin,
And the two little Babes-in-the-Woods,
And Cinderella and Robin Goodfellow,
And Little Red Riding Hood.

And Heaven and Angels and Christmas
And baby Jesus, too—
Of course I believe in Santa Claus,
Of course I do! Don't you?

SONGS OF THE NIGHTLINGS

OH, we wander in the gloaming, while the wiser
ones are homing,

Oh, we wander and we wonder where we wend;
And our eyes begin to glisten, as we stop a bit to
listen

To the singing of the Nightlings now ascend.

Oh, the music of their chorus,
How it seems above to soar us,
How to waft and wing itself away, away—
How it seems to sail above us,
And to carol: Love us, love us,
We are dearer than the Children of the Day.

Hear the busy little fellows, thridding, thridding on
their cellos,

Hear them strumming, humming each his own
refrain,

How the ground around is ringing, and our fancy
flits a-winging

To a paradise of mingled bliss and pain.

Oh, the music of their chorus,
How it seems above to soar us,
How to stream and dream itself away, away—
How it seems to drift above us,
And to carol: Love us, love us,
We are dearer than the Children of the Day.

ORISON

GOD,
Guide me to my work!
Give me grace to seek it,
Courage, lest I shirk,
Strength, the which to speak it!

God,
Give me deeds to do!
Grant me days to do them,
Long time to pursue,
Never time to rue them!

IMPROMPTU

MY heart is so full of so many songs
Which I would make for you,
That to single one from out of the throngs
Is more than I can do.

So take, if you will, this beggarly rhyme
Of better things in lieu;
And I'll sing, perhaps, in a Saga time
A worthy song of you

2

POSSESSION

BECAUSE of the dark I saw you not,
Because of the dark, the night,
You passed me by, and I saw you not,
For lust of life did, verily, blot
My sight.

Because of the noise I did not hear,
Because of the noise, the din,
You sang your song, and I did not hear,
For that I had stuffed each stupid ear
With sin.

Because of the drug I felt you not,
Because of the drug, the drink,
You touched my flesh, and I felt you not,
For I had sunk as low as a sot
Can sink.

Because of my soul I can't forget,
Because of my soul divine,
But oh! I know though and I can't forget,
You'll never come back again, and yet—
You're mine.

RONDEL

AT taper-time I like to roam
While other folks are snug at home,
Beneath the heaven's starry dome.

And often, roaming thus, I feel
Upon my lively senses steal
The presence of the Great Ideal.

Because of this, it well may be,
Wherefore I rather more than see
Life's meaning and Love's mystery,
At taper-time.

BEAUTY ENCORE!

THOU—

Deem it, indeed,
Thy very creed,
Thy braver duty
To honor Beauty!

For Beauty, Beauty quickens everywhere;
She wantons in the sea, she reveals in the air;
All life upon the earth
Is big to give her birth;
She merges lately born
From out the lap of morn;
Each swift succeeding hour
Is totty with her power;
What time the sun is low
She gilds the after-glow;
And when the shadows fall
She dons her starry shawl;
And should some darkling night
Conceal her from the sight,
Still sense of scent and sound
Would bruit her all around.
All life upon the earth
Is big to give her birth
And even death, the tomb,
But warms her in it's womb,
And waits the hour of pain

When she shall merge again
And marvel all the eyes
In some new fairer guise.
In truth, ye are yet unawake, yet unaware
For Beauty, Beauty quickens everywhere!

Thou—

Deem it, indeed,
Thy very creed,
Thy braver duty
To honor Beauty!

SOLICITATION

IN this day of sin and strife,
In this hour of storm and stress,
Ere I live my little life
Lead me, Lord, to loveliness!

In this time of toil and tears,
Ruin, dolour, and duress,
Ere I yield me to the years
Lead me, Lord, to loveliness!

Spirit, sense, and heart of me
With Thy puissance, Lord, possess,
Every petty part of me
Lave it in Thy loveliness!

QUANDARY

I AM puzzled, sore perplext,
Very vext.

Life and laughter, love and tears,
All the doubts and all the fears
Of my double-dozen years,
Vex me not.

Needs and deeds I dream to do,
Fancies I would fain pursue,
Youth, desire, and Dearest, you
Vex me not.

I am puzzled, sore perplext,
Very vext.

SHAKESPEARE

EVEN as the mock-bird carols all his kind
In song which seemeth to surpass their own,
So now, do thou vast master-molded mind,
Our very all of vanities intone.
Atween thee and this tiny feathered thing
There is, methink, a quick similitude,
For that ye both are wont so well to sing—
The bird, the man, in each his every mood.
O Shakespeare! grandest fashioner of thought,
How rare and human is thy poesy?
With what deep gratitude of feeling, ought
We try to render tribute fit to thee.
Indeed, in this our splendid English tongue,
Than thee no Saga singer yet has sung!

MONOTONE

PAIN and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
Over and over and over again,
Such is the burden of Man's refrain,
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
Forever paired as the god's ordain,
And never a man can part the twain,
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

In shack and palace, on peak and plain,
In body and soul, in heart and brain,
Though all else vanish do these remain,
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
Such is the burden of Man's refrain,
Over and over and over again,
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain.

RENUNCIATION

IT moves me not how mocks the mob,
How takes the human stream,
Yet, rather, would I drift than rob
You of your Dream.

Because or this, I hesitate
To do as I would do,
And deem it best, perchance, to wait,
And work with you.

But even though it be not best,
There's respite in the thought
That never bird has built a nest
Which is for naught;

That each gold deed done here below
Must very swift arise,
And wing itself on winds that blow
To golden skies!

LYRIC

Trudging homeward of a March night, he is
held entranced by the music which a brisk breeze
twangs from the branches of the white frozen trees.

I SUDDEN stopped and listened long,
And stood as one charm bound,
For never had I heard such song
Such sweet, sleet sound.

The March night bristled with a breeze
That seemed to waft and wing,
And wind amongst the glist'ning trees,
And with them sing.

And, oh! the song it was so fleet
It found the soul of me,
And whispered secrets passing sweet
Of Love to be!

THE SPIRIT SPEAKS

PERHAPS, my lad, long time from now,
If you will still to wait,
The God may heed and hint you how
To gain the gate.

Perhaps, my lad, in calmer years,
If you have grown more wise,
The God may brush away the tears
That blind your eyes.

Perhaps, my lad, if you pursue
And plod on through the night,
The God may get to favor you
And grant you light.

But now, my lad, go you and pray,
And ever grace is gone,
Give out: "Dear God, let chance what may.
Thy will be done."

LABORARE EST ORARE

L ORD, I have bothered You enough
With pleas and prayers and suchlike stuff;
Hereafter, all I dare and do
Shall constitute my prayer to You.

RAIN-DROPS

WHEN it rains

What a feeling fills my breast!
What a fancy, fitful feeling of unrest!
What a drear desire of sorrow!
What a dear dream of the morrow!
What delusion do I borrow
When it rains.

Tapping on the tin-roof,
Rain.

Siping in the sin-heart,
Rain.

Rain without and rain within,
Heart of mine and roof of tin,
Rain,
Rain,
Rain.

ITEM 271, CAT. 17

AH! here you are at last, at last—
My little longed-for book,
All wrapped, and tied, and bundled fast,—
And yet, I must not look,—

I must not rend, I must not tear
Your paper dress away
In such a place, in such a glare,
At such a time of day.

I should, I know I should, postpone
The moment of delight
Until, at length, we are alone
Within my “den” tonight.

I pause, I think, I hesitate,
I can't make up my mind;
Perhaps, who knows, if I should wait
I might be stricken blind.

Or worse, some dread calamity
Might fall on you, perchance,
And I should never, never see
Your lovely countenance.

Ah! little book, your charm is such
I know not what to do,
For, lo! my apprehensive clutch
Has rent and nudged you!

FINIS

NOW one by one our days are going,
And we with them alike unknowing
Whither away the way is tending,
Whether for weal or wail unending.

Still we trust that the body's burden
Gains, in the end, a Godly guerdon;
That every duty and self-denial
Sustains the spirit in its trial;

That never a gift is rendered, ever,
Which does not recompense the giver;
That never a present-suffered sorrow
But premises a joy tomorrow;

That every-goodly man is given
A chance to suffer and be shriven;
And that the body's brave endurance
Shall win, at length, the soul's assurance.

Still one by one our days are going,
And we alike with them unknowing
Whither away the way is tending,
Whether for weal or wail unending.

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